

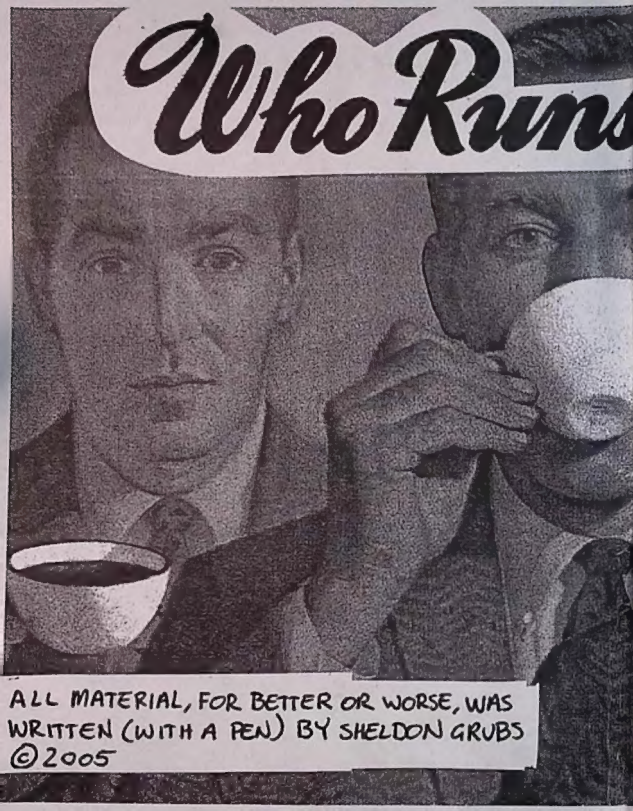
The life and Times of Sheldon Grubs



NO. 4½

by Sheldon Grubs

Who Runs



ALL MATERIAL, FOR BETTER OR WORSE, WAS
WRITTEN (WITH A PEN) BY SHELDON GRUBS
©2005

The Life and Times of Sheldon Grubs

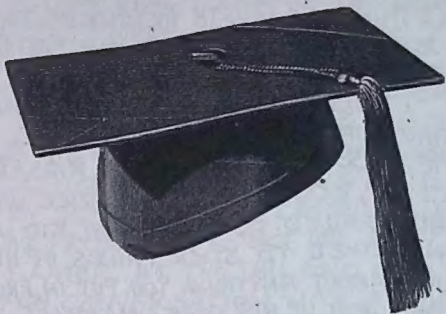
4 1/2

WELCOME TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SHELDON GRUBS. THIS ONE IS A COMBINATION OF #4 AND #5, WHICH WERE WRITTEN SOMETIME IN 2001—HENCE THE DEDICATION TO JOEY RAMONE. THIS ISSUE MARKS THE FIRST TIME THAT EVERYTHING WAS WRITTEN OUT BY HAND, WHICH IS NO EASY TASK WHEN YOU'RE HOPPED UP ON FOUR POTS OF COFFEE—SO I HOPE THAT EVERYTHING IS LEGIBLE. IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING ALL THESE STORIES ARE TRUE. EVERY LAST WORD; EXCEPT FOR THAT THING ABOUT JIM MORRISON! THAT WAS JUST JOKES. I'D LIKE TO THANK LINDSAY EDITH FOR BEING LINDSAY EDITH (AND FOR TURNING ME ONTO THE GOLDEN GIRLS) AND KATHARINA PETSCHNIG FOR LETTING ME SLEEP ON HER COUCH AND TO EVERYONE WHO RIDES A BIKE. TAKE CARE.

YOUR PAL,
Sheldon Grubs



THEIR DREAMS
will soon come true



I, SHELDON GRUBS, FAILED THE 3RD GRADE. I FLUNKED. NOW, I KNOW I'M NOT THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE UNIVERSE - A FADING GLO-STIC AT BEST - BUT HOW THE HELL DO YOU FAIL THE 3RD GRADE? THAT'S LIKE FAILING YOUR DRIVERS TEST BEFORE YOU EVEN GET A CHANCE TO PUT ON YOUR SEAT BELT! I SHOULD KNOW! OK, SO I CAN UNDERSTAND THE 8TH GRADE, IT'S A PIVOTAL GRADE. AND IT'S A STRETCH BUT I CAN ALSO SEE FAILING THE 5TH AND 6TH GRADE, MAYBE. BUT THE 3RD GRADE? YOU HAVE TO BE A SUBMORANIC

BALL OF ASS-LINT TO FAIL THE 3RD GRADE!
(I THINK IT'S WORTH MENTIONING THAT
JERRY LEWIS ALSO FAILED THE 3RD GRADE—
SO I'M IN GOOD COMPANY).

I THINK MY SCHOOL, ST. MEL'S, MUST'VE
HAD SOME SORT OF QUOTA TO FILL THAT
YEAR BECAUSE TWO OTHER KIDS FROM MY
CLASS, BOB PUZO AND CLARICE VAN HORN,
ALSO FAILED. BOB WAS THAT KID IN CLASS
WHO LIKED TO STICK THINGS UP HIS NOSE,
JUST ABOUT ANYTHING YOU PUT IN FRONT OF
HIM WENT UP HIS NOSE: MARBLES, SAND-
WICHES, TRAFFIC CONES, YOU NAME IT. ONE
TIME HE SNEEZED IN CLASS AND OUT CAME
A RABBIT'S FOOT FOLLOWED BY HIS REPORT
CARD AND TWO SERVINGS OF MASHED POTAT-
OES. I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT
SUZY EXCEPT THAT SHE LOOKED LIKE AN
ANGLER FISH AND SMELLED ^{LIKE} FRIED BOLOGNA.
ALSO, SHE HAD RED HAIR AND SUCKED HER
THUMB WELL INTO HIGH SCHOOL. SHE WAS MY
FIRST CRUSH AND I SPENT TORTURED NIGHTS
DREAMING OF HER. BUT THAT'S ^{NOT} SAYING MUCH
SINCE I ALSO SPENT MANY TORTURED NIGHTS
DREAMING OF THE SHARK IN JAWS.

WHEN IT CAME TIME TO BREAK THE NEWS TO ME THEY WERE VERY DIPLOMATIC ABOUT IT AND SHIED AWAY FROM THE WORDS "FAILED" AND "FLUNKED." INSTEAD, THEY TOLD ME THAT I WAS BEING "HELD BEHIND," AS IF I WAS STANDING AT A BUSY INTERSECTION AND I WAS BEING HELD BACK BY SOME MATRONLY CROSSING GUARD WHO WAS TRYING TO PROTECT ME. MANY YEARS LATER, AT THE TAIL END OF A DRUNKEN CONVERSATION WITH MY MOM, IT WAS REVEALED THAT I WAS FORCED TO REPEAT THE 3RD GRADE NOT BECAUSE I WAS SO MUCH STUPIDER THAN THE REST OF MY CLASS BUT BECAUSE I WAS SO MUCH SMALLER THAN THE REST OF MY CLASS. I STILL DON'T BELIEVE THIS EXPLANATION BUT THE GENERAL CONSENSUS WAS THAT I WOULD SOMEHOW BENEFIT FROM BEING HELD BEHIND; YOU KNOW, SO I COULD BE AROUND PEOPLE MY OWN SIZE: THE LITTLE PEOPLE. NOW, I MIGHT NOT BE VERY SMART BUT I KNOW ONE THING FOR SURE - REPEATING THE 3RD GRADE DID NOT HELP. IN FACT,

I'D SAY THAT THE OPPOSITE WAS TRUE, AND CONVINCED OF MY OWN STUPIDITY I DIDN'T READ ANOTHER BOOK FOR 50 YEARS, WHEN I FINALLY MADE IT TO 9TH GRADE AND I REDISCOVERED JIM MORRISON AND THE DOORS. OK, SO THAT'S JUST A LITTLE BIT EMBARRASSING, BUT THE THING ^{THAT} I'M IMPRESSED ME ABOUT MR. MORRISON (BESIDES THE FACT THAT HE WAS A COMPLETE ASS-HOLE) WAS THAT HE WAS AN AVID READER, AND I STARTED TO READ EVERYTHING THAT HE READ AS A YOUNG MALCONTENT: NIETZSCHE, O. HENRY, SOCRATES ETC. OF COURSE, I UNDERSTOOD VERY LITTLE OF WHAT I WAS READING, BUT WHERE EVER I WENT, ESPECIALLY IF I DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO ANYONE (WHICH WAS USUALLY THE CASE) I ALWAYS HAD MY NOSE (AND SOMETIMES MY SPLEEN) IN A BOOK.

ANYWAY, THE NEWS OF MY FAILURE TRAVELED FAST, LIKE A PRESCRIPTION STRENGTH LAXATIVE. AND BEFORE YOU KNEW IT I'D BECOME A SORT OF

CELEBRITY WITH MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY-
A MINOR CELEBRITY, LIKE A CIRCUS FREAK
OR FRANK STALLONE. IN OTHER WORDS I
WAS SPECIAL. MY FRIENDS IGNORED ME
AND SOON THEY WERE MY OLD FRIENDS,
BUT THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO
THE FAMILY FUNCTIONS I WAS FORCED TO
ENDURE WHERE MY AUNTS WOULD
POINT AND WHISPER:

"IS THAT HIM?"

"HE LOOKS A LITTLE, YOU KNOW... OFF."

"SSSH... NOT SO LOUD."

"I HEAR HE STEALS HUBCAPS."

"WHERE'S MY PURSE? HAS ANYONE SEEN MY
PURSE?"

"SO SAD."

"SAD NOTHING. HE'LL PROBABLY END UP
ON DEATH ROW." I WAS 8 YEARS OLD. I
FAILED ONE GRADE AND ALREADY THEY
HAD ME ON DEATH ROW.

"I'M TELLING YOU HE'S BAD."

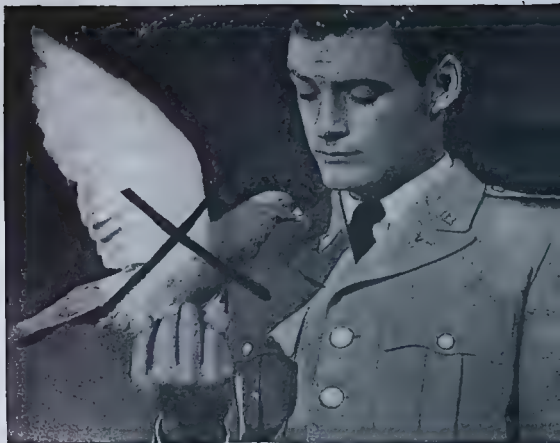
"QUIET. HERE HE COMES."

"DON'T LOOK... JUST SMILE."

"I'M SCARED."

THAT'S A PRETTY ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF MOST OF MY FAMILY'S FUNCTIONS. I'D BEEN SPRAYED WITH THE PUNGENT MUSK OF FAILURE AND IT SMELLED SO BAD THAT NO ONE WOULD COME NEAR ME; IT WAS A WARNING TO ALL WHO CAME NEAR ME TO EITHER BACK OFF OR RISK SHARING MY TERRIBLE FATE. I COULD BE SITTING IN A CROWDED ROOM, ENGULFED IN FLAMES AND NO ONE WOULD EVEN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SPIT ON ME; EXCEPT MAYBE MY GRANDMOTHER WHO HAD A GLANDULAR PROBLEM AND WAS ALWAYS SPITTING ANYWAY.

IN CONCLUSION I'D LIKE TO MAKE MY PEACE AND SAY THAT I DON'T BLAME ANYONE FOR HAVING TO REPEAT THE 3RD GRADE - EXCEPT MAYBE MY TEACHER AND MY PARENTS - BUT IT'S SO ABSURD TO FAIL SOMEONE BECAUSE OF THEIR SIZE; THAT'S LIKE SO SIZIST OR SOMETHING.



MY ONLY REGRET IN LIFE IS THAT I NEVER LEARNED TO FLY. I CAN DO LOTS OF OTHER THINGS LIKE THE BACKSTROKE, AND THE MOON WALK, AND I CAN RIDE A UNICYCLE; I CAN EVEN FART LOUIE LOUIE TO NEAR PERFECTION BUT FOR SOME REASON THE GIFT OF FLIGHT ELUDES ME, WHILE BIRDS (THE DIRTY BASTARDS) CAN NOT ONLY WALK BUT SOME OF THEM CAN EVEN TALK!

SO WHY HAVE I, SHELDON GRUBS, A
GENEROUS CONTRIBUTOR TO PUBLIC RADIO,
BEEN DENIED? WHY HAVE THE BIRDS BEEN
CHOSEN TO SAIL THROUGH THE HEAVENS
WHILE I'M FORCED TO WALK THIS
MISERABLE EARTH. WHY HAS GOD FORESAKEN
ME? ACTUALLY, I HAVE SOME THOUGHTS ON THIS.
IFGURE, IF GOD DOES EXIST THEN SHE
PROBABLY WOULDN'T WANT ME TO USE MY
GIFT OF FLIGHT FOR SNATCHING TOWES
FROM THE HEADS OF UNSUSPECTING BALD
GUYS, WHICH I WOULD MOST CERTAINLY DO;
STARTING ^W MERV ALBERT AND BURT REYNOLDS.
OK, SO MAYBE I DON'T DESERVE TO FLY BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN I HAVEN'T TRIED.

IN FACT...

I USED TO SIT ON OUR ROOF WITH MY DAD'S
OVER-SIZED GOLF UMBRELLA AND WAIT FOR
A GUST OF WIND THAT WAS STRONG ENOUGH
TO CARRY ME AWAY; TO MAKE ME "FLY".
IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT I HAD NO WAY OF
CONTROLLING MY DIRECTION OR LANDING - ALL
I WANTED TO DO WAS FLY. IF I CLEARED THE
TELEPHONE WIRES I'D BE FINE.

ISPENT AN ENTIRE SUMMER- A LONG, SWELTERING, WINDLESS SUMMER- SITTING ON THE ROOF WITH THAT RIDICULOUSLY LARGE UMBRELLA IN MY HAND. BUT I NEVER MOVED AN INCH. THE UMBRELLA WAS USELESS, EXCEPT TO PROTECT ME FROM THE OCCASSIONAL RAIN. HAD I BEEN CARRIED AWAY BY A GUST OF WIND AND LANDED ON A DESERT ISLAND THE UMBRELLA MIGHT HAVE COME IN HANDY AS A LIGHT SNACK BUT THAT NEVER HAPPENED SO THE UMBRELLA WAS UTTERLY USELESS.

RAIN OR SHINE I SAT ON THE ROOF AND WAITED- HOPED. THE REASON THAT I SAT THERE, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, IS THAT I WANTED TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME. THE PROBLEM WAS I HAD NO IDEA WHERE I WOULD GO OR HOW I WOULD GET THERE. I WASN'T OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE AND WALKING WOULD ONLY GET ME SO FAR, BESIDES I HAVE A TERRIBLE SENSE OF DIRECTION. SO I DECIDED TO BE DIRECTIONLESS- TO

DRIFT LIKE A SPEC OF POLLEN. BUT AS THE SUMMER WAS COMING TO AN END AND THE SCHOOL YEAR APPROACHED I STARTED TO GET DESPERATE AND ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER I STOOD UP AND INCHED MY WAY OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF. I WAITED FOR SOME WIND. THIS WAS NO TIME TO BE PICKY. IT WAS NOW OR NEVER. AFTER AN HOUR THERE WAS A SLIGHT BREEZE—JUST ENOUGH TO RATTLE THE SMALLER BRANCHES OF THE SURROUNDING TREES. THIS WAS IT. SO I CLOSED MY EYES—MY HEART POUNDING—AND JUMPED OFF THE ROOF... I WOKE UP IN THE HOSPITAL WITH TWO BROKEN LEGS.



Jockey

BRIEFS [®] BRAND

ENGAGEMENTS

MORNING

AFTERNOON

EVENING

SUN.

MON.

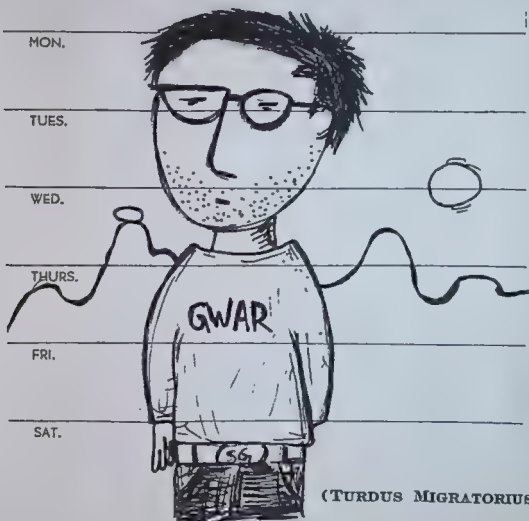
TUES.

WED.

THURS.

FRI.

SAT.



(TURDUS MIGRATORIUS)

HYMEN SLAMENSTRA SHOT BLOOD OUT OF HER ASS
AND THE CROWD ATE IT UP - LITERALLY. I WAS KNOCK
ED OFF THE STAGE BY SEXECUTIONER AND BY THE
END OF THE SHOW I COVERED IN BLOOD. IT WAS GREAT



WHERE'S Sheldon ?

ME AND MY BROTHER IRA JR. WERE LATCH-KEY KIDS WHICH MEANT THAT WE SPENT ALOT OF TIME AT THE LOCAL BOYS CLUB, ESPECIALLY DURING THE SUMMER WHEN THE KIDS OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD WOULD RUN AMOK .

ANYWAY, THE CLUB WAS A BRICK BUILDING - BROWN ON THE OUTSIDE AND BLUE ON THE INSIDE BECAUSE AS WE ALL KNOW BOYS ARE JUST WILD ABOUT BLUE. IT'S OUR COLOR. PERSONALLY, I PREFER CHARTEUSE. BESIDES THE BLUE WALLS AND SOME QUESTIONABLE STAFF MEMBERS THE CLUB WAS SORT OF FUN AND WAS EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE USUAL DISTRACTIONS TO KEEP A YOUNG MAN OCCUPIED AND OUT OF TROUBLE. THERE WAS FOOZE BALL, PING PONG, TV, BASKETBALL, BOARD GAMES, SHUFFLE BOARD, SWIMMING POOLS AND A BOOK. I THINK IT WAS TREASURE ISLAND BUT I'M NOT REALLY SURE.

ANGELO, JUNE BUG, MARKY AND PEANUT WERE ALL REGULARS AT THE CLUB. THEY WERE OUR FRIENDS. PEANUT WAS FAT AND HE ALWAYS SWAM NAKED. HE HAD A LITTLE UNCIRCUMCISED CONE SHAPED PENIS AND ONE DAY, BEFORE I KNEW HOW TO SWIM, HE GRABBED ME FROM BEHIND AND FORCED ME INTO THE DEEP END OF THE POOL. THE WATER WAS WELL OVER MY HEAD. I WAS SCARED. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE. AND I COULD FEEL HIS NUBBY LITTLE CONE POKING ME IN THE BACK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SCARED ME MORE — DROWNING, OR THE SLIPPERY PENIS. I COULD HEAR THE MUFFLED SOUND OF LAUGHTER COMING FROM THE BOYS STANDING AROUND THE EDGE OF THE POOL. I CAME UP FOR AIR BUT WAS PULLED BACK UNDER. I TRIED TO YELL FOR HELP AND SWALLOWED A MOUTHFUL OF WATER. MY LIFE PASSED BEFORE MY EYES AND ODDLY ENOUGH IT LOOKED A LOT LIKE THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE. I HEARD MY BROTHER INTERJECTING, WITH THE CONVICTION OF A DEAD

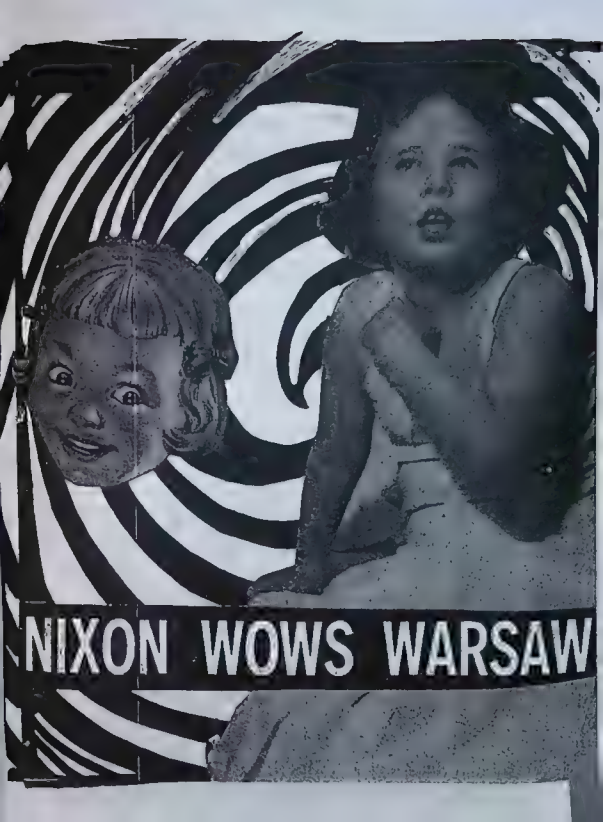
TROUT: "AW, COME ON PEANUT. LEAVE 'IM ALONE BEFORE HE CRAPS HIMSELF."

BUT IRA DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HELP ME, HE JUST KIND OF STOOD THERE AND WATCHED LIKE THE REST OF THE IDIOTS. BUT IT MUST'VE LOOKED PRETTY FUNNY BECAUSE EVERYONE WAS LAUGHING THEIR ASS OFF, INCLUDING THE LIFEGUARD.

WHEN PEANUT GREW TIRED OF HIS GAME HE LET ME GO AND I CRAWLED OUT OF THE POOL, GASPING FOR AIR AND BURPING, WITH THICK ROPE OF GREEN SNOT HANGING FROM MY NOSTRILS. I RAN INTO THE SHOWERS TO COLLECT MYSELF AND TO MUFFLE THE SOUND OF MY CRYING WITH A TOWEL, BECAUSE I FINALLY REALIZED WHY THEY CALLED PEANUT, PEANUT.



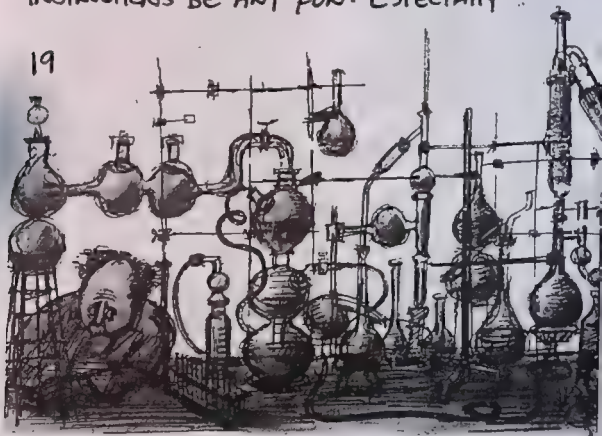
THESE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE PEANUTS.



NIXON WOWS WARSAW

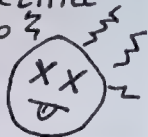
IN HINDSIGHT, MY PARENTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VERY SUPPORTIVE OF MY ARTISTIC PURSUITS; AND WHEN I ASKED THEM FOR A UNICYCLE AND A CHAINSAW SO THAT I COULD START MY CAREER AS A STREET PERFORMER THEY RAN OUT IMMEDIATELY AND BOUGHT ME A CHEMISTRY SET. "THIS IS LIKE THE SAME THING," THEY SAID. "AND MORE FUN!" HOW COULD ANYTHING THAT COMES WITH 12,746 PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS BE ANY FUN? ESPECIALLY ..

19



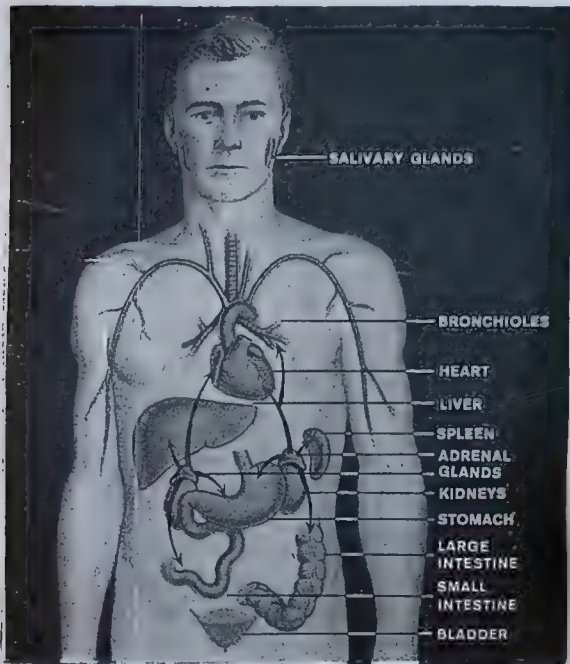
WHEN MORE THAN 10,000 OF THOSE 12,746 PAGES ARE FILLED WITH THE KIND OF STRICT (BUZZ-KILL) WARNINGS THAT MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE BEING BERATED BY YOUR 9TH GRADE SCIENCE TEACHER AND HIS RETRACTABLE POINTER—THE ONE HE KEPT TUCKED AWAY IN THE BREAST POCKET OF HIS LAB COAT. BUT IT WASN'T ALL BAD, BECAUSE THESE ADMONISHMENTS, I MEAN INSTRUCTIONS, WERE ACCOMPANIED BY SOME RATHER HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS THAT SHOWED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POOR SCHMUCKS THAT FAILED TO FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS TO A 'T.' THESE PEOPLE, WITHOUT FAIL, END UP BLIND, BURNED, WITHOUT FINGERS/HANDS OR DEAD! THE BEST PART WAS THE EXPRESSIONS ON THE FACES OF THE STICK-FIGURE PEOPLE THAT POPULATED THE PAGES OF THE INSTRUCTION MANUAL. RED ZIG-ZAGS, LIKE LIGHTNING BOLTS, WOULD SHOOT FROM THEIR AFFLICTED LIMBS OR HEAD TO INDICATE PAIN. |

LAUGHED TIL IT HURT- EVEN WET MY PANTS.
BUT I LAUGHED EVEN HARDER WHEN THESE
CRUDELY DRAWN STICK FIGURES MADE AN
ERROR SO EGREGIOUS THAT THEY
WOULD ACTUALLY DIE! AND THEIR LITTLE
ROUND EYES WOULD TURN TO Z
X'S - THEIR TONGUES STICK-
ING OUT TO INDICATE DEATH.



SO THE CHEMISTRY SET WENT INTO THE
BACK OF THE CLOSET AND SAT THERE,
COLLECTING DUST - SURROUNDED BY MY
COLLECTION OF PET ROCKS AND VINTAGE
COLOSTOMY BAGS - UNTIL ONE DAY I
ATTEMPTED TO FLUSH THE MEDICINE CAB-
INET DOWN THE TOILET AND WAS
GROUNDED FOR A MONTH. SO, WITH NOTHING
ELSE TO DO I TOOK THE CHEMISTRY SET OUT
OFF THE CLOSET AND DOWN TO THE BASE-
MENT - MY LABORATORY. ALONE, IN MY
LAB I WOULD CONDUCT EXPERIMENTS LIKE
THE MAD SCIENTIST I WAS DESTINED TO
BECOME! (INSERT MANIAC LAUGHTER,
THUNDER/LIGHTNING AND SCREECHING BATS
HERE).

SCHÜTZT IHRE ZÄHNE!



I PROMPTLY DISPOSED OF THE INSTRUCTION MANUAL, WHICH WEIGHED ABOUT 20 POUNDS, AND STARTED MIXING CHEMICALS WITH ABANDON. AND FOR ONCE MY PARENTS WERE RIGHT—IT WAS FUN. IN JUST ONE WEEK I MADE A BATCH OF BLACK INK THAT ROLLED OFF THE PAGE LIKE MERCURY; STINK BOMBS, OF COURSE, AND A TRUTH SERUM THAT COULD ALSO BE USED AS AN AIR-FRESHENER AND/OR SHARK REPELANT. I ALSO MADE A BAR OF SOAP THAT MADE YOUR SKIN TRANSPARENT; SOME CHOCOLATE FLAVORED GLUE; A HIGHLY CORROSIVE, YET ADDICTIVE, SOFT DRINK; AND SOMETHING THAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN LSD BUT COULD'VE PROBABLY BEEN SOLD IN THE PARKING LOT OF ANY AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL FOR NO LESS THAN \$5 A POP. I EVEN MADE SOMETHING THAT CAUSED ME TO GROW A MUSTACHE LIKE BURT REYNOLDS—OVER NIGHT! ALL I NEEDED WAS A TRANS AM. AND I'D BEEN SET FOR LIFE. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS: SCIENCE CAN BE FUN!

I TRIED TO "HOLD IT" BUT WE'D BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS AND THE DAM WAS ABOUT TO BURST, MY FATHER IS A STUBBORN MAN AND HE REFUSED TO PULL OVER. INSTEAD, HE SUGGESTED I USE THE COFFEE CAN, WHICH SERVED US WELL ON OUR TRIP TO GRACE LAND, BUT AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT WE FORGOT THE COFFEE CAN AT HOME.

WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO SEE AUNT MEME WHO LIVED IN A TRAILER IN GARY, INDIANA. WHEN WE FINALLY ARRIVED WE WERE GREETED AT THE DOOR BY MEME AND EMMA, HER TAXIDERMIED DOG. ONCE WE WERE IN THE TRAILER MY FATHER LOOKED AROUND AND SAID, "GODDAMN! IT SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE'S GOT A CASE OF THE NIGHT WINDS. CAN YOU CRACK A WINDOW OR SOMETHING?"

AUNT MEME PAT THE HEAD OF HER STUFFED DOG AND SAID, "OH, THAT'S JUST EMMA. TOO MUCH DAIRY. SHE NEVER LISTENS."

ON THIS LAST VISIT, WITH HER BLUE HAIR AND SHAVED EYE BROWS, AUNT MEME WAS ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT SHE USED TO

WATCH US AND PLAY OUR FAVORITE GAME WITH US - KIDNAPPER! WE USED TO BEG TO STAY WITH HER JUST SO WE COULD PLAY KIDNAPPER! IT WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS: AS SOON AS ^{OUR} PARENT'S CAR PULLED OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY SHE WOULD SLAM THE DOOR AND THEN CHASE US AROUND THE HOUSE WITH A TIRE IRON. WHEN SHE CAUGHT US, AND SHE ALWAYS CAUGHT US, SHE WOULD BLIND FOLD US, GAG US (WHICH WAS THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP US FROM LAUGHING), AND LOCK US IN THE TRUNK OF HER LINCOLN CONTINENTAL. SOMETIMES, WHEN SHE WAS REALLY GAME SHE WOULD ROLL US UP IN HER ORIENTAL RUG AND THREATEN TO TOSS US INTO A NEARBY CREEK WHERE WE WOULD BE SUCKED DRY BY SOME MALNURISHED LEECHES AND THEN SNACKED UPON BY FISH. THE BEST WAS WHEN SHE WOULD DRIVE OVER TRAIN TRACKS (WHILE WE WERE STILL IN THE TRUNK) OR DROP US OFF IN THE FOREST PRESERVE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WITH NOTHING BUT A BREAD CRUST. IT WAS SO MUCH FUN. BUT THOSE DAYS WERE SO LONG AGO. AND WHEN I WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR OF HER TRAILER THE ONLY THING SHE SAID TO ME WAS: "WHY ARE YOUR PANTS ALL WET?"



Sheldon would like to dedicate this volume of words and pictures to the memory of Mr. Jeffrey Hyman aka Joey Ramone. May his music and "Neshoma" live on forever.

b. 1952 - d. April 15, 2001

Beer belongs...enjoy it

THANKS FOR READING. YOU'RE A REAL PAL.
PLEASE SEND ALL LOVE/HATE MAIL, PUB-
LICATIONS FOR TRADE, RECIPES, PICTURES
(OF YOUR MOM), LARGE SUMS OF CASH, MIX
TAPES/CDS, POST CARDS, TACO SAUCE
AND UNDER GARMENTS TO:

SHELDON GRUBS

11219

OH YEAH, VARIOUS ISSUES OF SHELDON
GRUBS CAN BE PURCHASED AT ST. MARKS
BOOKS, ATOMIC BOOKS.COM, QUIMBY'S,
AND PARCELLPRESS.COM. OR WRITE TO
ME AT : [REDACTED]@GMAIL.COM
AND I'LL SEND YOU ONE. THEY'RE SO
HEAP YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!

America!





SHELDON GRUBS 2005